

SIGN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

By Herbert Kaufman

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What's in Your Back Yard?

Fabre walked into his garden and found Fame riding about on the back of a beetle.

For a thousand thousand years the same spiders and tumble bugs had silently lived their minute epics—the same caterpillars had gluttled upon the summer foliage—the same flies had teased and harassed men.

But, Fabre took the trouble to notice them. He simply looked in the right way, and now the universe has turned to look at Fabre.

What's in your back yard?

Scraps of iron, a line of fluttering wash—a garbage pail—a litter of rubbish—a whitening bone under a budding rose bush—and Opportunity sitting patiently and in silence awaiting recognition.

Just "rags, bones, old iron," and a slender, hopeful plant valiantly fulfilling its mission of faith and attempting anew, after the denuding frosts of winter.

Why don't you set out as bravely to repair the losses which an adverse season has inflicted upon you? If you don't remember the past, yesterday will as quickly forget you.

The years annually close and balance their books for all persevering, honest men.

You can try as long as your faculties persist and stand the same show of success as though you had never miscalculated.

The man who has not lost his heart and his intelligence has merely dropped something which he picked up along life's road.

No one can hinder you from possessing yourself of anything which is your legitimate right.

Get into your back yard and use your eyes. There are millions still to be extracted from garbage pails. Science has hardly begun to utilize waste.

The junkman is buying a higher powered automobile every year.

It's surprising in how many ways "rags, bones, and old iron" can be turned to account and brought forth in valuable and attractive guises.

Then, too, there's the rose bush. With a little help nature is ready to show her talents in an astounding number of original manners.

All the materials for the attainment of affluence and eminence are at your door sill.

The formula is simple: Mix a little thought with much determination—concentrate your attention upon a fixed and definite problem, and the humblest materials will transmute into fame and gold.

The great transportation system of the universe grew out of the imagination of a boy and the steam of a peasant woman's tea kettle.

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH, NEARING HIS END, MOURNS FOR ELIZABETH, HIS LOST LOVE

Proudest Monarch of Europe Sits Sadly Before His Bookcase and Dreams of the Tragic Romance of His Youth—He Had Longed to Wash the Feet of the Beggars This Year, but Was Too Weak to Do So.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

VIENNA, April 29, 1914.

HE emperor is weak and weakening. He sits sadly before the bookcase. He cannot go through it again—to talk about Elizabeth. You will see. Also, the emperor desired, patriotically, to wash the beggars' feet—once again—the day before Good Friday. It would have pleased Elizabeth.

No ceremony of the Hapsburgs is so impressive as when the emperor, in full cathedral, before court and people, kneels, with water, towel and silver basin, to perform the humbling act of Christian brotherhood. The English call it Maundy Thursday and retain only a distribution of medals in King George's name, but time was when kings, lords and squires—like these good Baptists down in Georgia actually—kneel with



FERDINAND JOSEPH MAXIMILIAN, youngest brother of the Emperor of Austria.

basin once a year before twelve destitute citizens. "Maundy" is from "mandatum," in the office recited, when they imitate Our Lord washing his disciples' feet. "Mandatum novum do vobis a me commandum: I give unto you."

After the death of Elizabeth Francis Joseph did it faithfully for ten years. Recently a cold suffered the doctors to dissuade him. But this time his insistence was pitifully significant. King



EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

Louis of Bavaria was going to wash feet—the first time in Munich for forty-three years—and he, the emperor, should confirm the good example. Aged, weakening, it would be his last chance.

Also, on the day, he was too weak to budge.

He sat and mourned Elizabeth. It preys on this old man's mind, the wandering life and tragic death of his first love, Elizabeth.

It was almost a runaway match. He, laughing youth, in 1853, had been sent by his mother to propose for Elizabeth's sister, Sophie. The sixteen-year-old beauty was kept out of his way. They met, by hazard, in the park. He dared her to come down to the ceremonial dinner. It was the first escape of Elizabeth—and it had love at first sight for excuse.

The effect was terrific when he gave the young girl his arm, and the duke was wild with anger as he heard him say: "My uncle, I have the honor to ask the hand, not of my cousin Sophie, but of my cousin Elizabeth."

"My nephew," said the duke, "it is impossible."

Three months later, on the young emperor's birthday, all Ischl was in fête. To the imperial villa many were invited, notably Duke Maximilian, his duchess and four daughters. The morning church was packed. To universal surprise, as

she directed ceremonies again, just before the birth of Elizabeth's first child. How else could a beautiful but questionable Italian countess receive invitation to a court ball? The emperor was struck. Elizabeth was soon informed of her misfortune. All was made easy for the newcomer. Within three days Elizabeth, in maid-of-honor chatter: "The emperor's mother has taken a new lady in waiting, a pearl of beauty." "Ah, what pearl!" "A famous Italian countess, majesty," Elizabeth staggered. "The Italian—that adventuress!" That night she was delivered, prematurely.

The birth of her son Rudolf consoled Elizabeth, but when he was six years old she learned that his bringing up was to be taken out of her hands. "He is my son," she faltered. "He is the heir of the Hapsburgs," said Archduchess Sophie.

"But, the emperor has authorized me," "I withdraw the authorization," replied the terrible mother-in-law. The baby was given to wet nurses, governess and tutor—the same Count Bombelles who took part in the orgie at Meyerling which, some twenty years later, terminated Rudolf's life!

Favorite after favorite was placed in the path of the thoughtless Francis-Joseph.

He fell each time, but the final stumbling block was Frau Roll, actress of small talent, but radiant beauty. He openly settled her at Ischl; and Elizabeth at last spoke. He must choose between them. He chose his wife. For a moment Elizabeth triumphed, but the mother-in-law had her secret agents, even among the men.

It was a plot, and Francis-Joseph fell, as usual. On a hunting party to Murz-zuschlag, a beautiful peasant girl served them, and a poignant story concluded: "And the emperor is staying!"

When the last guest had kissed her hand that night Elizabeth called her old nurse, brought from Posenhofen: "Pack my valises," said Elizabeth, "we leave tonight!"

They followed her to Trieste, on a special train. The scene was terrible between husband, wife and mother-in-law. Francis-Joseph humiliated himself before Elizabeth—and reproached his own mother bitterly for her cruelty and plots. Elizabeth was obdurate. And here



FRANCIS JOSEPH WHEN HE VISITED THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

comes in a sympathetic figure—the emperor's younger brother, Ferdinand-Joseph-Maximilian. Yes, the same who was shot, afterward, in Mexico. Maximilian was fetched hastily from Milan, where he was governor. Elizabeth was known to retain confidence only in the goodness and simplicity of this brother by marriage, brought up a sailor from his boyhood, to become supreme chief of the Austrian marine. Now, Maximilian had a sailor's idea to heal the



ELIZABETH, BY WINTERHALL.

wounds of the outraged wife. Whether for good or ill, they adopted it. It started Elizabeth on her wandering life! "Send her on the imperial yacht to Madeira," said Maximilian. That night, Prof. Skoda of the Vienna faculty signed a bulletin that the health of the empress required a milder climate.

She tired of Madeira. She cruised the Norwegian fjords. She lingered in the Mediterranean, then in the Adriatic. At Venice an honest man lay in wait for her—after she had passed two years in cruising. It was Maximilian. Astonished at the results of his "cure" as much on Francis-Joseph as on Elizabeth, he brought the emperor by telegram. His loving effort to repair the husband's last act of Maximilian before starting on the ill-fated Mexican adventure!

Maximilian and Francis-Joseph persuaded Elizabeth to return to Vienna. But the emperor had been backing waltz-operette—this being what worried Maximilian—at the little Theater-an-der-Wein. In it, and for twenty years afterward, he "lived," according to the words of Marie Geistinger, the immortal works of Offenbach, Suppe and Strauss, amid a collection of divettes such as the world has rarely seen. It fostered art—but not Elizabeth.

To revenge herself she spent millions on the chateaux of Linz and Goedeolse in Hungary, while breaking in young horses—until her injury by the man killing station of Count Festetics caused to be rumored that Elizabeth was trying to get killed without committing the sin of suicide.

As Countess Hohenems she bought a villa in Normandy. None knew that the lady in black, who galloped across the land bore on her forehead a diadem far heavier than her golden tresses. In Algiers, where she sojourned long, the Arabs held her in superstitious reverence for her knowledge of their language and success in pacifying village disputes. She spoke with purity German, French, English, Italian, Hungarian, Greek and Arab. And wherever she wandered, the Countess Hohenems was remembered as a beneficent mystery.

Her later returns to Vienna were not for the husband, but the son. "Kiss me, dearest," she said, the second time: "now your mamma has come home for good."

Instead of flying to her arms, the boy advanced coldly, not even returning her kisses. Elizabeth understood. The work of the mother-in-law continued. In the end she conquered Rudolf by her beauty and charm; but never did she acquire any real ascendancy over the spoiled youth.

Only a terrible craving for sleep made Elizabeth leave her beloved Corfu. Now commenced the round of climates and specialists. At Bad-Nauheim the population so pestered her that she decided for Switzerland. Francis-Joseph, who had joined her for a week, collected "I have had reports from Switzerland," he said.

"I am only a poor woman, Francis," she replied. "The anarchists will not hurt me."

Yet Lucchini stabbed her as she boarded the lake steamer at Geneva, like a simple tourist, with one companion. None suspected she was more than jostled. The boat steamed out. The Hungarian hand struck up a caxardas. Elizabeth fainted. Countess Szaray cut her corset strings and found a wound beneath the left breast. There was no doctor, and the boat put back for Geneva.

Opening her eyes, Elizabeth asked: "What has happened?"

"Do you suffer?" faltered the countess. Elizabeth smiled. "No." Feebly, she waved her hand to the jaunty music. Then the hand fell.

And now, an aged emperor dreams of it constantly.

Francis-Joseph "dines" alone on gold plate. A year ago, he sat an hour and a half through the "family" New Year dinner of the court, but nowadays he is too weak for such exertions.

Eight services, four wines. One guest eats and drinks them, while the emperor mumbles his "regime." It is a general aid-camp or high court dignitary. The proudest monarch of Europe is "alone" with one guest. This is to keep the bourgeois steady.

Five gorgeous fannies serve the two men. There have been no flowers on the table since the death of Elizabeth.

There are faint noises in the Hoberg as of furtive steps up secret stairways. The old palace has an invisible population.

Through the bright light, bustling early evening of Vienna, he would roll to streets of residences, and stop at a comfortable villa. When the front door shut upon him, he had ceased to be the dread and lonely emperor and apostolic king, but just Herr Schratz, regularly called "the colonel," but careless, easy, snug among old friends.

This is all the truth about Frau Schratz.

A recent English book has told much foolishness of her relations. One might think him in love with "the bourgeoisie," who was nearly seventy years old, already, when his Elizabeth was assassinated. Let us talk sense. If for fifteen years past he spent half his evenings in her villa, it was to play cards with good old cronies, far from etiquette—yet to sit with a kind soul and talk about Elizabeth.

Through Katharina, the Sarah Bernhardt of Vienna, retired from the stage some fifteen years ago, Elizabeth herself had introduced them. And the mourning emperor found her so intelligent, so fine and also good, that a deep and longest friendship grew between them.

With Katharina, for the first time, Francis-Joseph, in relief from formal etiquette, humbling ceremony and holiness, spoke his heart. The woman of heart and head, the artistic genius who had covered queens in the presence of masses, slowly broke through the crust of dignity that had hampered the poor man throughout his life.

And lost him his Elizabeth!

Francis-Joseph sits before the bookcase. STELLING HILLIG.

Like a Disease.

W. B. TRITES, the American novelist who had to go to London to get published, where his books achieved success, was tuncing in Germany when his host's little son asked:

"Father, what is appreciation?"

"Appreciation," said Mr. Trites, "is, my boy, a rare malady, something like beriberi—people always get it far away from home."